

## The Tragedie

He is within with two reuerend Fathers,  
 Diuinely bent to meditation,  
 And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,  
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buc.* Returne good Catesby to thy Lord again,  
 Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,  
 In deepe designs and matters of great moment,  
 No lesse importing then our generall good,  
 Are come to haue some cōference with his grace.

*Cat.* Ile tell him what you say my Lord. *Exit.*

*Buc.* A ha my Lord, this prince is not an Edward:  
 He is not lulling on a leaud day bed,  
 But on his knees at meditation:

Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,  
 But meditating with two deepe Diuines:  
 Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,  
 But praying to enrich his watchfull soule,  
 Happy were England, would this gracious prince  
 Take on him selfe the soueraigntie thereon,  
 But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.

*Mai.* Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.

*Enter Catesby.*

*Buc.* I feare he will, how now Catesby,  
 What sayes your Lord?

*Cat.* My Lord he wonders to what end you haue assembled  
 Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,  
 His grace not being warnd thereof before:  
 My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.

*Buc.* Sory I am my noble couzen should  
 Suspect me that I meane no good to him.  
 By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,  
 And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit Catesby.*  
 When holy and deuout religious men,  
 Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,  
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.*

*Maior.* See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.

*Buc.* Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:  
 To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

of Richard the

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious  
 Lend fauourable cares to my request,  
 And pardon vs the interruption  
 Of thy deuotion and right Christian

*Glo.* My Lord, there needs no  
 I rather do beseech you pardon  
 Who earnest in the seruice of my  
 Neglect the visitation of my friends  
 But leaving this, what is your Grace

*Buc.* Euen that I hope which  
 And all good men of this vngovern'd

*Glo.* I do suspect, I haue done  
 That seeme disgracious in the Citizens  
 And that you come to reprehend

*Buc.* You haue my Lord: would  
 At our entreaties to amend that fault

*Glo.* Else wherefore breath I in a

*Buc.* Then know it is your fault  
 The supreme Seate, the Throne  
 The Sceptred office of your Authority

The lineall glory of your royall  
 To the corruption of a blemish'd

Whilest in the mildenesse of your  
 Which here we waken to your conscience

This noble Ile doth want his proper  
 Her face defac't with scars of infamy

And almost shouldred in this swart  
 Of blind forgetfulnesse and darkness

Which to recure we heartily sollicite  
 Your Gracious selfe to take on you

Not as Protector, Steward, Subor  
 Nor lowly Factor for an others

But as successiue from blood to blood  
 Your right of birth, your Emper

For this consoorted with the Citizens  
 Your worshipfull and very louing

And by their vehement instigation  
 In this iust sute come I to moue

Famous